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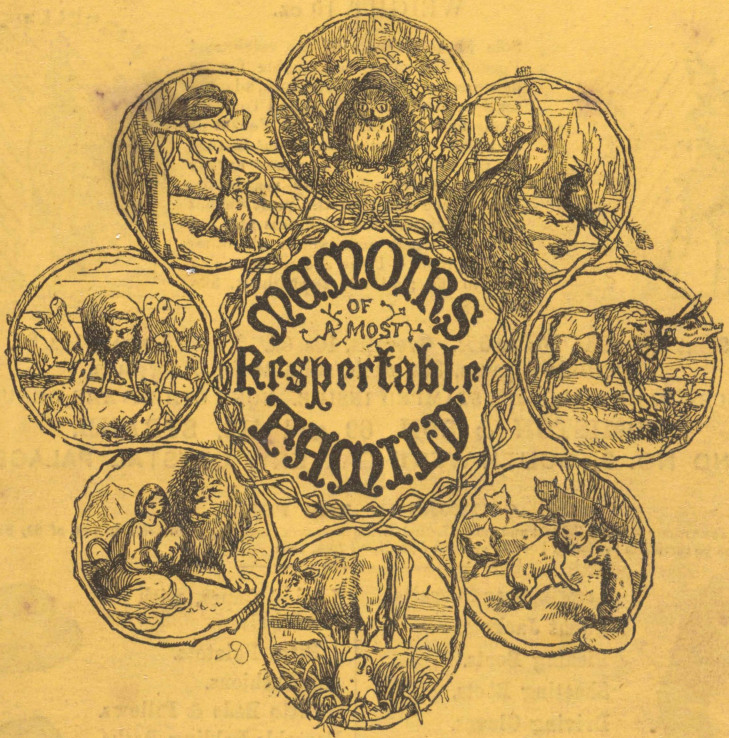

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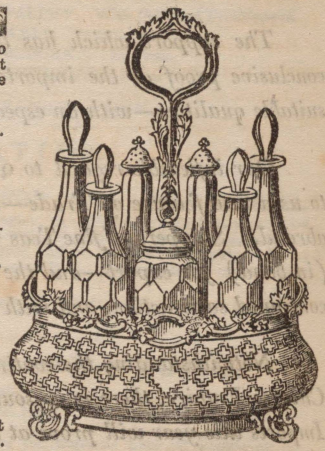

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WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

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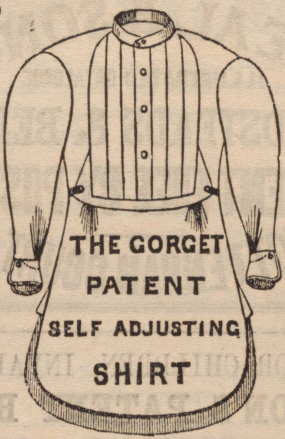
TO FASTEN IN FRONT.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.



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Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

The first four measures must be taken *tight*.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.

If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

If Buttons or Studs in Front.

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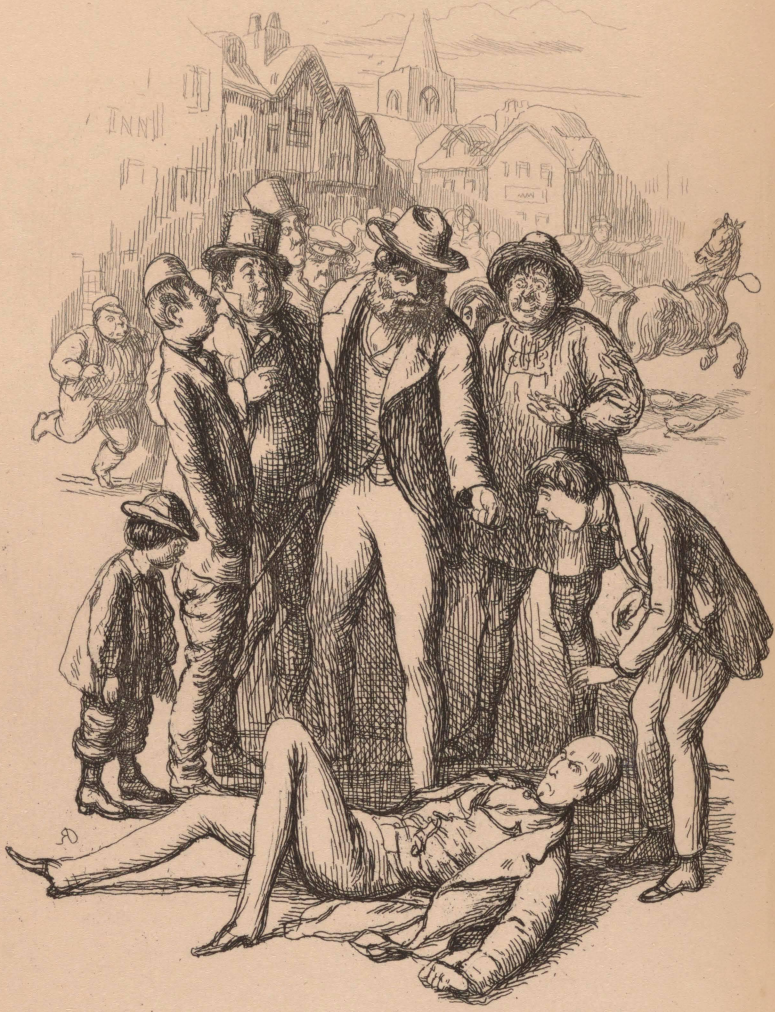
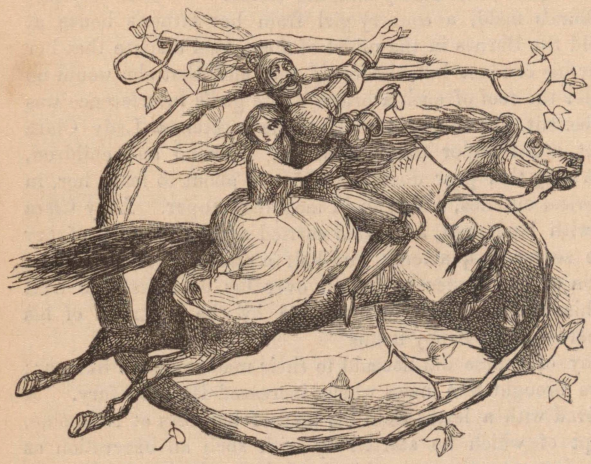


Sir Barnes Newcome in trouble.

Sentence in the case of the Marquis of Tarintosh.

CHAPTER XX.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."



THE Fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the unfortunate lady; and in that meeting the future destiny of their luckless lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, Barnes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, had been staying in the neighbourhood of his house; and had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. She may have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had taken no leave of her children on the day when she left her home, and, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been engaged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of the family, whose arrival her husband announced as speedily to follow his own. Ethel and Lady Ann and some of the children were coming. Lord Farintosh's mother and sisters were to follow. It was to be a réunion previous to the marriage which was closer to unite the two families. Lady Clara said Yes to her husband's orders; rose mechanically to obey his wishes and arrange for the reception of the guests; and spoke tremblingly to the housekeeper as her husband gibed at her. The little ones had been consigned to bed early and

before Sir Barnes's arrival. He did not think fit to see them in their sleep; nor did their mother. She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her room in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for the last time. Perhaps, had she gone to their bedsides that evening, had the wretched panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her. Her husband came and saluted her with his accustomed greetings of scorn, and sarcasm, and brutal insult. On a future day he never dared to call a servant of his household to testify to his treatment of her; though many were ready to attend to prove his cruelty and her terror. On that very last night, Lady Clara's maid, a country girl from her father's house at Chanticlere, told Sir Barnes in the midst of a conjugal dispute that her lady might bear his conduct but she could not, and that she would no longer live under the roof of such a brute. The girl's interference was not likely to benefit her mistress much: the wretched Lady Clara passed the last night under the roof of her husband and children, unattended save by this poor domestic who was about to leave her, in tears and hysterical outcries, and then in moaning stupor. Lady Clara put to sleep with laudanum, her maid carried down the story of her wrongs to the servants' quarters; and half a dozen of them took in their resignation to Sir Barnes as he sat over his breakfast the next morning—in his ancestral hall—surrounded by the portraits of his august forefathers—in his happy home.

Their mutiny of course did not add to their master's good humour; and his letters brought him news which increased Barnes's fury. A messenger arrived with a letter from his man of business at Newcome, upon the receipt of which he started up with such an execration as frightened the servant waiting on him, and letter in hand he ran to Lady Clara's sitting room. Her ladyship was up. Sir Barnes breakfasted rather late on the first morning after an arrival at Newcome. He had to look over the bailiff's books, and to look about him round the park and grounds; to curse the gardeners; to damn the stable and kennel grooms; to yell at the woodman for clearing not enough or too much; to rail at the poor old work-people brooming away the fallen leaves, &c. So Lady Clara was up and dressed when her husband went to her room, which lay at the end of the house as we have said, the last of a suite of ancestral halls.

The mutinous servant heard high voice and curses within; then Lady Clara's screams; then Sir Barnes Newcome burst out of the room, locking the door and taking the key with him, and saluting with more curses James, the mutineer, over whom his master ran.

"Curse your wife, and don't curse *me*, Sir Barnes Newcome!" said James, the mutineer; and knocked down a hand which the infuriated Baronet raised against him, with an arm that was thrice as strong as Barnes's own. This man and maid followed their mistress in the sad

journey upon which she was bent. They treated her with unalterable respect. They never could be got to see that her conduct was wrong. When Barnes's counsel subsequently tried to impugn their testimony, they dared him; and hurt the plaintiff's case very much. For the balance had weighed over; and it was Barnes himself who caused what now ensued; and what we learned in a very few hours afterwards from Newcome, where it was the talk of the whole neighbourhood.

Florac and I, as yet ignorant of all that was occurring, met Barnes near his own lodge-gate riding in the direction of Newcome, as we were ourselves returning to Rosebury. The Prince de Montcontour, who was driving, affably saluted the Baronet, who gave us a scowling recognition, and rode on, his groom behind him. "The figure of this garcon," says Florac, as our acquaintance passed, "is not agreeable. Of pale, he has become livid. I hope these two men will not meet, or evil will come!" Evil to Barnes there might be, Florac's companion thought, who knew the previous little affairs between Barnes and his uncle and cousin; and that Lord Highgate was quite able to take care of himself.

In half an hour after Florac spoke, that meeting between Barnes and Highgate actually had taken place—in the open square of Newcome, within four doors of the King's Arms Inn, close to which lives Sir Barnes Newcome's man of business; and before which, Mr. Harris, as he was called, was walking, and waiting till a carriage which he had ordered came round from the inn yard. As Sir Barnes Newcome rode into the place many people touched their hats to him, however little they loved him. He was bowing and smirking to one of these, when he suddenly saw Belsize.

He started back, causing his horse to back with him on to the pavement, and it may have been rage and fury, or accident and nervousness merely, but at this instant Barnes Newcome, looking towards Lord Highgate, shook his whip.

"You cowardly villain!" said the other, springing forward. "I was going to your house."

"How dare you, sir," cries Sir Barnes, still holding up that unlucky cane, "how dare you to—to——"

"Dare, you scoundrel!" said Belsize. "Is that the cane you strike your wife with, you ruffian!" Belsize seized and tore him out of the saddle, flinging him screaming down on the pavement. The horse, rearing and making way for himself, galloped down the clattering street; a hundred people were round Sir Barnes in a moment.

The carriage which Belsize had ordered came round at this very juncture. Amidst the crowd, shrinking, bustling, expostulating, threatening, who pressed about him, he shouldered his way. Mr. Taplow, aghast, was one of the hundred spectators of the scene.

"I am Lord Highgate," said Barnes's adversary. "If Sir Barnes Newcome wants me, tell him I will send him word where he may hear of me." And getting into the carriage, he told the driver to go "to the usual place."

Imagine the hubbub in the town, the conclaves at the inns, the talks in the counting-houses, the commotion amongst the factory people, the paragraphs in the Newcome papers, the bustle of surgeons and lawyers, after this event. Crowds gathered at the King's Arms, and waited round Mr. Speers, the lawyer's house, into which Sir Barnes was carried. In vain policemen told them to move on; fresh groups gathered after the seceders. On the next day, when Barnes Newcome, who was not much hurt, had a fly to go home, a factory man shook his fist in at the carriage window, and, with a curse, said "Serve you right, you villain." It was the man whose sweetheart this Don Juan had seduced and deserted years before; whose wrongs were well known amongst his mates, a leader in the chorus of hatred which growled round Barnes Newcome.

Barnes's mother and sister Ethel had reached Newcome shortly before the return of the master of the house. The people there were in disturbance. Lady Ann and Miss Newcome came out with pallid looks to greet him. He laughed and re-assured them about his accident: indeed his hurt had been trifling; he had been bled by the surgeon, a little jarred by the fall from his horse; but there was no sort of danger. Still their pale and doubtful looks continued. What caused them? In the open day, with a servant attending her, Lady Clara Newcome had left her husband's house; and a letter was forwarded to him that same evening from my Lord Highgate, informing Sir Barnes Newcome, that Lady Clara Pulleyn could bear his tyranny no longer, and had left his roof; that Lord Highgate proposed to leave England almost immediately, but would remain long enough to afford Sir Barnes Newcome the opportunity for an interview, in case he should be disposed to demand one: and a friend (of Lord Highgate's late regiment) was named who would receive letters and act in any way necessary for his lordship.

The debates of the House of Lords must tell what followed afterwards in the dreary history of Lady Clara Pulleyn. The proceedings in the Newcome Divorce Bill filled the usual number of columns in the papers,—especially the Sunday papers. The witnesses were examined by learned peers whose business—nay, pleasure—it seems to be to enter into such matters; and, for the ends of justice and morality, doubtless, the whole story of Barnes Newcome's household was told to the British public. In the previous trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, how grandly Serjeant Rowland stood up for the rights of British husbands! with what pathos he depicted the conjugal paradise, the innocent children prattling round their happy parents, the serpent, the destroyer, entering into that Belgravian Eden; the wretched and deserted husband alone by his desecrated hearth, and calling for redress on his country! Rowland wept freely during his noble harangue. At not a shilling under twenty thousand pounds would he estimate the cost of his client's injuries. The jury was very much affected: the evening papers gave Rowland's address, *in extenso*, with some pretty sharp raps at the aristocracy in general. The "Day," the principal morning journal of

that period, came out with a leading article the next morning, in which every party concerned and every institution was knocked about. The disgrace of the peerage, the ruin of the monarchy (with a retrospective view of the well-known case of Gyges and Candaules), the monstrosity of the crime, and the absurdity of the tribunal and the punishment, were all set forth in the terrible leading article of the "Day."

But when, on the next day, Serjeant Rowland was requested to call witnesses to prove that connubial happiness which he had depicted so pathetically, he had none at hand.

Oliver, Q. C., now had his innings. A man, a husband, and a father, Mr. Oliver could not attempt to defend the conduct of his unfortunate client; but if there could be any excuse for such conduct, that excuse he was free to confess the plaintiff had afforded, whose cruelty and neglect twenty witnesses in court were ready to prove—neglect so outrageous,.cruelty so systematic, that he wondered the plaintiff had not been better advised than to bring this trial with all its degrading particulars to a public issue. On the very day when the ill-omened marriage took place, another victim of cruelty had interposed as vainly —as vainly as Serjeant Rowland himself interposed in Court to prevent this case being made known—and with piteous outcries, in the name of outraged neglected woman, of castaway children pleading in vain for bread, had besought the bride to pause, and the bridegroom to look upon the wretched beings who owed him life. Why had not Lady Clara Pulleyn's friends listened to that appeal? And so on, and so on, between Rowland and Oliver the battle waged fiercely that day. Many witnesses were mauled and slain. Out of that combat scarce anybody came well, except the two principal champions, Rowland, Serjeant, and Oliver, Q. C. The whole country looked on and heard the wretched story, not only of Barnes's fault and Highgate's fault, but of the private peccadilloes of their suborned footmen, and conspiring housemaids. Mr. Justice C. Sawyer charged the jury at great length—those men were respectable men and fathers of families themselves—of course they dealt full measure to Lord Highgate for his delinquencies; consoled the injured husband with immense damages, and left him free to pursue the farther steps for releasing himself altogether from the tie, which had been bound with affecting Episcopal benediction at St. George's, Hanover Square.

So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it; and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People, as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her, treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with

a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to her table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her, but she fears to visit them lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. Shall they go to the Continent, and set up a grand house at Paris or at Florence? There they can get society, but of what a sort! Our acquaintances of Baden, —Madame Schlangenbad, and Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame d'Ivry, and Messrs. Loder, and Punter, and Blackball, and Deuceace will come, and dance, and flirt, and quarrel, and gamble, and feast round about her; but what in common with such wild people has this poor, timid, shrinking soul? Even these scorn her. The leers and laughter on those painted faces are quite unlike her own sad countenance. She has no reply to their wit. Their infernal gaiety scares her more than the solitude at home. No wonder that her husband does not like home, except for a short while in the hunting season. No wonder that he is away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a child comes to her: how she clings to it! how her whole being, and hope, and passion centres itself on this feeble infant! . . but she no more belongs to our story: with the new name she has taken, the poor lady passes out of the history of the Newcomes.

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once-husband thinks upon the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled on the poor weak young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final Audit, which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty? Does the Right Reverend Prelate who did the benedictory business for Barnes and Clara his wife repent in secret? Do the parents who pressed the marriage, and the fine folks who signed the book, and ate the breakfast, and applauded the bridegroom's speech, feel a little ashamed? O Hymen Hymenæe! The bishops, beadles, clergy, pew-openers, and other officers of the temple dedicated to Heaven under the invocation of St. George, will officiate in the same place at scores and scores more of such marriages: and St. George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster, Mammon (with many most respectable female dragons looking on)—may see virgin after virgin given away, just as in the Soldan of Babylon's time, but with never a champion to come to the rescue!

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH ACHILLES LOSES BRISEIS.

ALTHOUGH the years of the Marquis of Farintosh were few, he had spent most of them in the habit of command; and, from his childhood upwards, had been obeyed by all persons round about him. As an infant he had but to roar, and his mother and nurses were as much frightened as though he had been a Libyan lion. What he willed and ordered was law amongst his clan and family. During the period of his London and Parisian dissipations his poor mother did not venture to remonstrate with her young prodigal, but shut her eyes, not daring to open them on his wild courses. As for the friends of his person and house, many of whom were portly elderly gentlemen, their affection for the young Marquis was so extreme that there was no company into which their fidelity would not lead them to follow him; and you might see him dancing at Mabille with veteran aides-de-camp looking on, or disporting with opera dancers at a Trois-Frères banquet, which some old gentleman of his father's age had taken the pains to order. If his lordship Count Almaviva wants a friend to carry the lanthorn or to hold the ladder; do you suppose there are not many most respectable men in society who will act Figaro? When Farintosh thought fit, in the fulness of time and the blooming pride of manhood, to select a spouse, and to elevate a marchioness to his throne, no one dared gainsay him. When he called upon his mother and sisters, and their ladyships' hangers on and attendants; upon his own particular kinsmen, led captains, and toadies; to bow the knee and do homage to the woman whom he delighted to honour, those duteous subjects trembled and obeyed; in fact, he thought that the position of a Marchioness of Farintosh was under heaven, and before men, so splendid, that, had

he elevated a beggar-maid to that sublime rank, the inferior world was bound to worship her.

So my lord's lady-mother, and my lord's sisters, and his captains, and his players of billiards, and the toadies of his august person, all performed obeisance to his bride elect, and never questioned the will of the young chieftain. What were the private comments of the ladies of the family we had no means of knowing; but it may naturally be supposed that his lordship's gentlemen in waiting, Captain Henchman, Jack Todhunter, and the rest, had many misgivings of their own respecting their patron's change in life, and could not view without anxiety the advent of a mistress who might reign over him and them, who might possibly not like their company, and might exert her influence over her husband to oust these honest fellows from places in which they were very comfortable. The jovial rogues had the run of my lord's kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favourites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanour as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage, the grand furnitures sent to my lord's castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork; castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors.

When then, "the elopement in High Life," which has been described in the previous pages, burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter, and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair, the dear little bachelor's quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the "Morning Post." I imagine Tod dropping in from his bed-room over the way, and Hench handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between those worthy men. Elopement in high life—excitement in N—come, and flight of lady Cl—— N—come, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of D—rking, with Lord H—gate; personal rencontre between Lord H—gate and Sir B—nes N—come. Extraordinary disclosures. I say, I can fancy Hench and Tod over this awful piece of news.

"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henchman, looking up from a Perigord-pie, which the faithful creature is discussing.

"Always expected it," remarks the other. "Anybody who saw them together last season must have known it. The chief himself spoke of it to me."

"It'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the 'Morning Post?' He has the 'Post' in his bed-room. I know he has rung his bell: I heard it. Bowman, has his lordship read his paper yet?"

Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he *have* read his paper. When he read it, he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar—nay, contemptuous, terms with the other two gentlemen.

"Enough to make any man swear," says Toddy to Henchman; and both were alarmed in their noble souls, reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come down stairs; and then, most probably, would begin swearing at *them*.

The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind when, at length, he appeared in the breakfast-room. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henchman who has begun to smoke—as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's hall—flings his cigar into the fire.

"There you go—nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound;" bursts out the youthful peer.

"I understand why you are out of sorts, old boy," says Henchman, stretching out his manly hand. A tear of compassion twinkled in his eyelid, and coursed down his mottled cheek. "Cut away at old Frank, Farintosh,—a fellow who has been attached to you since before you could speak. It's not when a fellow's down and cut up, and riled—naturally riled—as you are,—I know you are, Marquis; it's not then that I'm going to be angry with you. Pitch into old Frank Henchman—hit away, my young one." And Frank put himself into an attitude as of one prepared to receive a pugilistic assault. He bared his breast, as it were, and showed his scars, and said, "Strike!" Frank Henchman was a florid toady. My uncle, Major Pendennis, has often laughed with me about the fellow's pompous flatteries and ebullient fidelity.

"You have read this confounded paragraph?" says the Marquis.

"We *have* read it: and were deucedly cut up, too," says Henchman, "for your sake, my dear boy."

"I remembered what you said, last year, Marquis," cries Todhunter (not unadroitly). "You, yourself, pointed out, in this very room, I recollect, at this very table—that night Coralie and the little Spanish dancer, and her mother supped here, and there was a talk about Highgate—you, yourself, pointed out what was likely to happen. I doubted it; for I have dined at the Newcomes', and seen Highgate and her together in society often. But though you are a younger bird, you have better eyes than I have—and you saw the thing at once—at once, don't you remember? and Coralie said how glad she was, because Sir Barnes ill treated her friend. What was the name of Coralie's friend, Hench?"

"How should *I* know her confounded name?" Henchman briskly answers. "What do I care for Sir Barnes Newcome and his private affairs? He is no friend of mine. I never said he was a friend of mine. I never said I liked him. Out of respect for the Chief here, I held my tongue about him, and shall hold my tongue. Have some of this pâté, Chief! No? Poor old boy. I know you haven't got an appetite. I know this news cuts you up. I say nothing, and make no pretence of condolence; though I feel for you—and you know you can count on old Frank Henchman—don't you, Malcolm?" And again he turns away to conceal his gallant sensibility and generous emotion.

"What does it matter to me?" bursts out the Marquis, garnishing his conversation with the usual expletives which adorned his eloquence when he was strongly moved. "What do I care for Barnes Newcome, and his confounded affairs and family? I never want to see him again, but in the light of a banker, when I go to the City, where he keeps my account. I say, I have nothing to do with him, or all the Newcomes under the sun. Why, one of them is a painter, and will paint my dog, Ratcatcher, by Jove! or my horse, or my groom, if I give him the order. Do you think I care for any one of the pack? It's not the fault of the Marchioness of Farintosh that her family is not equal to mine. Besides two others in England and Scotland, I should like to know what family is? I tell you what, Hench. I bet you five to two, that before an hour is over, my mother will be here, and down on her knees to me, begging me to break off this engagement."

"And what will you do, Farintosh," asks Henchman, slowly. "Will you break it off?"

"No!" shouts the Marquis. "Why shall I break off with the finest girl in England—and the best-plucked one, and the cleverest and wittiest, and the most beautiful creature, by Jove, that ever stepped, for no fault of hers, and because her sister-in-law leaves her brother, who I know treated her infernally? We have talked this matter over at home before. I wouldn't dine with the fellow; though he was always asking me; nor meet, except just out of civility, any of his confounded family. Lady Ann is different. She is a lady, she is. She is a good woman: and Kew is a most respectable man, though he is only a peer of George III.'s creation, and you should hear how *he* speaks of Miss Newcome, though she refused him. I should like to know who is to prevent me marrying Lady Ann Newcome's daughter?"

"By Jove, you are a good-plucked fellow, Farintosh—give me your hand, old boy," says Henchman.

"Heh! am I? You would have said, give me your hand, old boy, whichever way I determined, Hench! I tell you, I ain't intellectual, and that sort of thing. But I know my rank, and I know my place; and when a man of my station gives his word, he sticks to it, sir; and my lady, and my sisters, may go on their knees all round; and, by Jove, I won't flinch."

The justice of Lord Farintosh's views was speedily proved by the

appearance of his lordship's mother, Lady Glenlivat, whose arrival put a stop to a conversation which Captain Francis Henchman has often subsequently narrated. She besought to see her son in terms so urgent, that the young nobleman could not be denied to his parent; and, no doubt, a long and interesting interview took place, in which Lord Farintosh's mother passionately implored him to break off a match upon which he was as resolutely bent.

Was it a sense of honour, a longing desire to possess this young beauty, and call her his own, or a fierce and profound dislike to being balked in any object of his wishes, which actuated the young lord? Certainly he had borne, very philosophically, delay after delay, which had taken place in the devised union; and being quite sure of his mistress, had not cared to press on the marriage, but lingered over the dregs of his bachelor cup complacently still. We all know in what an affecting farewell he took leave of the associates of his *vie de garcon:* the speeches made (in both languages), the presents distributed, the tears and hysterics of some of the guests assembled; the cigar-boxes given over to this friend, the *écrin* of diamonds to that, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera. Don't we know? If we don't it is not Henchman's fault, who has told the story of Farintosh's betrothals a thousand and one times at his clubs, at the houses where he is asked to dine, on account of his intimacy with the nobility, among the young men of fashion, or no fashion, whom this two-bottle Mentor, and burly admirer of youth, has since taken upon himself to form. The farewell at Greenwich was so affecting that all "traversed the cart," and took another farewell at Richmond, where there was crying too, but it was Eucharis cried because fair Calypso wanted to tear her eyes out; and where not only Telemachus (as was natural to his age), but Mentor likewise, quaffed the wine-cup too freely. You are virtuous, O reader! but there are still cakes and ale. Ask Henchman if there be not. You will find him in the Park any afternoon; he will dine with you if no better man ask him in the interval. He will tell you story upon story regarding young Lord Farintosh, and his marriage, and what happened before his marriage, and afterwards; and he will sigh, weep almost at some moments, as he narrates their subsequent quarrel, and Farintosh's unworthy conduct, and tells you how he formed that young man. My uncle and Captain Henchman disliked each other very much, I am sorry to say—sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear either one of them speak of the other.

Lady Glenlivat, according to the Captain, then, had no success in the interview with her son; who, unmoved by the maternal tears, commands, and entreaties, swore he would marry Miss Newcome, and that no power on earth should prevent him. "As if trying to thwart that man—*could* ever prevent his having his way!" ejaculated his quondam friend.

But on the next day, after ten thousand men in clubs and coteries had talked the news over; after the evening had repeated and improved

the delightful theme of our "morning contemporaries;" after Calypso and Eucharis driving together in the park, and reconciled now, had kissed their hands to Lord Farintosh, and made him their compliments —after a night of natural doubt, disturbance, defiance, fury—as men whispered to each other at the club where his lordship dined, and at the theatre where he took his recreation—after an awful time at breakfast in which Messrs. Bowman, valet, and Todhunter and Henchman, captains of the Farintosh body-guard, all got their share of kicks and growling—behold Lady Glenlivat came back to the charge again; and this time with such force that poor Lord Farintosh was shaken indeed.

Her ladyship's ally was no other than Miss Newcome herself; from whom Lord Farintosh's mother received, by that day's post, a letter, which she was commissioned to read to her son.

"DEAR MADAM (wrote the young lady in her firmest hand-writing), Mamma is at this moment in a state of such *grief and dismay* at the *cruel* misfortune and *humiliation* which has just befallen our family, that she is really not able to write to you as she *ought*, and this task, painful as it is, must be *mine*. Dear Lady Glenlivat, the kindness and confidence which I have ever received from you and *yours*, merit truth, and most grateful respect and regard from *me*. And I feel after the late fatal occurrence, what I have often and often owned to myself though I did not *dare* to acknowledge it, that I ought to release Lord F. *at once and for ever*, from an engagement *which he could never think* of maintaining with a family *so unfortunate as ours*. I thank him with all my heart for his goodness in bearing with my humours so long; if I have given him pain, as I *know* I have sometimes, I beg his pardon, and would do so *on my knees*. I hope and pray he may be happy, as I feared he never could be with me. He has many good and noble qualities; and, in bidding him farewell, I trust I may retain his friendship, and that he will believe in the esteem and gratitude of your most sincere,

"ETHEL NEWCOME."

A copy of this farewell letter was seen by a lady who happened to be a neighbour of Miss Newcome's when the family misfortune occurred, and to whom, in her natural dismay and grief, the young lady fled for comfort and consolation. "Dearest Mrs. Pendennis," wrote Miss Ethel to my wife, "I hear you are at Rosebury; do, do come to your affectionate E. N." The next day, it was—"Dearest Laura. If you can, pray, pray come to Newcome this morning. I want very much to speak to you about the poor children, to consult you about something most *important*." Madame de Montcontour's pony-carriage was trotting constantly between Rosebury and Newcome in these days of calamity.

And my wife, as in duty bound, gave me full reports of all that happened in that house of mourning. On the very day of the flight, Lady Ann, her daughter, and some others of her family arrived

at Newcome. The deserted little girl, Barnes's eldest child, ran, with tears and cries of joy, to her aunt Ethel, whom she had always loved better than her mother; and clung to her and embraced her; and, in her artless little words, told her that mamma had gone away, and that Ethel should be her mamma now. Very strongly moved by the mis fortune, as by the caresses and affection of the poor orphaned creature, Ethel took the little girl to her heart, and promised to be a mother to her, and that she would not leave her; in which pious resolve I scarcely need say Laura strengthened her, when, at her young friend's urgent summons, my wife came to her.

The household at Newcome was in a state of disorganisation after the catastrophe. Two of Lady Clara's servants, it has been stated already, went away with her. The luckless master of the house was lying wounded in the neighbouring town. Lady Ann Newcome, his mother, was terribly agitated by the news, which was abruptly broken to her, of the flight of her daughter-in-law and her son's danger. Now she thought of flying to Newcome to nurse him; and then feared lest she should be ill received by the invalid—indeed, ordered by Sir Barnes to go home, and not to bother him. So at home Lady Ann remained, where the thoughts of the sufferings she had already undergone in that house, of Sir Barnes's cruel behaviour to her at her last visit, which he had abruptly requested her to shorten, of the happy days which she had passed as mistress of that house and wife of the defunct Sir Brian, the sight of that departed angel's picture in the dining-room and wheel-chair in the gallery; the recollection of little Barnes as a cherub of a child in that very gallery, and pulled out of the fire by a nurse in the second year of his age, when he was all that a fond mother could wish—these incidents and reminiscences so agitated Lady Ann Newcome, that she, for her part, went off in a series of hysterical fits, and acted as one distraught: her second daughter screamed in sympathy with her: and Miss Newcome had to take the command of the whole of this demented household, hysterical mamma and sister, mutineering servants, and shrieking abandoned nursery, and bring young people and old to peace and quiet.

On the morrow after his little concussion Sir Barnes Newcome came home, not much hurt in body, but wofully afflicted in temper, and venting his wrath upon everybody round about him in that strong language which he employed when displeased; and under which his valet, his housekeeper, his butler, his farm bailiff, his lawyer, his doctor, his dishevelled mother herself—who rose from her couch and her sal-volatile to fling herself round her dear boy's knees—all had to suffer. Ethel Newcome, the Baronet's sister, was the only person in his house to whom Sir Barnes did not utter oaths or proffer rude speeches. He was afraid of offending her or encountering that resolute spirit, and lapsed into a surly silence in her presence. Indistinct maledictions growled about Sir Barnes's chair when he beheld my wife's pony-carriage drive up; and he asked what brought *her* here? But Ethel

sternly told her brother that Mrs. Pendennis came at her particular request, and asked him whether he supposed anybody could come into that house for pleasure now, or for any other motive but kindness? Upon which, Sir Barnes fairly burst out into tears, intermingled with execrations against his enemies and his own fate, and assertions that he was the most miserable beggar alive. He would not see his children: but with more tears he would implore Ethel never to leave them, and, anon, would ask what he should do when she married, and he was left alone in that infernal house?

T. Potts, Esq., of the "Newcome Independent," used to say afterwards that the Baronet was in the direst terror of another meeting with Lord Highgate, and kept a policeman at the lodge-gate, and a second in the kitchen, to interpose in event of a collision. But Mr. Potts made this statement in after days when the quarrel between his party and paper and Sir Barnes Newcome was flagrant. Five or six days after the meeting of the two rivals in Newcome market-place, Sir Barnes received a letter from the friend of Lord Highgate, informing him that his lordship, having waited for him according to promise, had now left England, and presumed that the differences between them were to be settled by their respective lawyers—infamous behaviour on a par with the rest of Lord Highgate's villainy, the Baronet said. "When the scoundrel knew I could lift my pistol arm," Barnes said, "Lord Highgate fled the country;"—thus hinting that death, and not damages, were what he intended to seek from his enemy.

After that interview in which Ethel communicated to Laura her farewell letter to Lord Farintosh, my wife returned to Rosebury with an extraordinary brightness and gaiety in her face and her demeanour. She pressed Madame de Montcontour's hands with such warmth, she blushed and looked so handsome, she sang and talked so gaily, that our host was struck by her behaviour, and paid her husband more compliments regarding her beauty, amiability, and other good qualities, than need be set down here. It may be that I like Paul de Florac so much, in spite of certain undeniable faults of character, because of his admiration for my wife. She was in such a hurry to talk to me, that night, that Paul's game and Nicotian amusements were cut short by her visit to the billiard-room; and when we were alone by the cozy dressing-room fire, she told me what had happened during the day. Why should Ethel's refusal of Lord Farintosh have so much elated my wife?

"Ah!" cries Mrs. Pendennis, "she has a generous nature, and the world has not had time to spoil it. Do you know there are many points that she never has thought of—I would say problems that she has to work out for herself, only you, Pen, do not like us poor ignorant women to use such a learned word as problems. Life and experience force things upon her mind which others learn from their parents or those who educate them, but for which she has never had any teachers. Nobody has ever told her, Arthur, that it was wrong to marry without

love, or pronounce lightly those awful vows which we utter before God at the altar. I believe, if she knew that her life was futile, it is but of late she has thought it could be otherwise, and that she might mend it. I have read (besides that poem of Goethe of which you are so fond) in books of Indian travels of Bayaderes, dancing girls brought up by troops round about the temples, whose calling is to dance, and wear jewels, and look beautiful; I believe they are quite respected in—in Pagoda-land. They perform before the priests in the pagodas; and the Brahmins and the Indian princes marry them. Can we cry out against these poor creatures, or against the custom of their country? It seems to me that young women in our world are bred up in a way not very different. What they do they scarcely know to be wrong. They are educated for the world, and taught to display: their mothers will give them to the richest suitor, as they themselves were given before. How can these think seriously, Arthur, of souls to be saved, weak hearts to be kept out of temptation, prayers to be uttered, and a better world to be held always in view, when the vanities of this one are all their thought and scheme? Ethel's simple talk made me smile sometimes, do you know, and her *strenuous* way of imparting her discoveries. I thought of the shepherd boy who made a watch, and found on taking it into the town how very many watches there were, and how much better than his. But the poor child has had to make hers for herself, such as it is; and, indeed, is employed now in working on it. She told me very artlessly her little history, Arthur; it affected me to hear her simple talk, and—and I blessed God for our mother, my dear, and that my early days had had a better guide.

"You know that for a long time it was settled that she was to marry her cousin Lord Kew. She was bred to that notion from her earliest youth; about which she spoke as we all can about our early days. They were spent, she said, in the nursery and schoolroom for the most part. She was allowed to come to her mother's dressing-room, and sometimes to see more of her during the winter at Newcome. She describes her mother as always the kindest of the kind: but from very early times the daughter must have felt her own superiority, I think, though she does not speak of it. You should see her at home now in their dreadful calamity. She seems the only person of the house who keeps her head.

"She told very nicely and modestly how it was Lord Kew who parted from her, not she who had dismissed him, as you know the Newcomes used to say. I have heard that—oh—that *man* Sir Barnes say so myself. She says humbly that her cousin Kew was a great deal too good for her; and so is everyone almost, she adds, poor thing!"

"Poor everyone! Did you ask about him, Laura?" said Mr. Pendennis.

"No; I did not venture. She looked at me out of her downright eyes, and went on with her little tale. 'I was scarcely more than a child then,' she continued, 'and though I liked Kew very much—who

would not like such a generous honest creature?—I felt somehow that I was *taller* than my cousin, and as if I ought not to marry him, or should make him unhappy if I did. When poor papa used to talk, we children remarked that mamma hardly listened to him; and so we did not respect him as we should, and Barnes was especially scoffing and odious with him. Why, when he was a boy, he used to sneer at papa openly before us younger ones. Now Harriet admires everything that Kew says, and that makes her a great deal happier at being with him.' And then," added Mrs. Pendennis, "Ethel said, I hope you respect *your* husband, Laura: depend on it you will be happier if you do. Was not that a fine discovery of Ethel's, Mr. Pen?

"'Clara's terror of Barnes frightened me when I stayed in the house,' Ethel went on. 'I am sure *I* would not tremble before any man in the world as she did. I saw early that she used to deceive him, and tell him lies, Laura. I do not mean lies of words alone, but lies of looks and actions. Oh! I do not wonder at her flying from him. He was dreadful to be with: cruel, and selfish, and cold. He was made worse by marrying a woman he did not love; as she was, by that unfortunate union with him. Suppose he had found a clever woman who could have controlled him, and amused him, and whom he and his friends could have admired, instead of poor Clara, who made his home wearisome, and trembled when he entered it? Suppose she could have married that unhappy man to whom she was attached early? I was frightened, Laura, to think how ill this worldly marriage had prospered.

"'My poor grandmother, whenever I spoke upon such a subject, would break out into a thousand gibes and sarcasms, and point to many of our friends who had made love-matches, and were quarrelling now as fiercely as though they had never loved each other. You remember that dreadful case in France of the Duc de ——, who murdered his duchess? That was a love-match, and I can remember the sort of screech with which Lady Kew used to speak about it; and of the journal which the poor duchess kept, and in which she noted down all her husband's ill behaviour.'"

"Hush, Laura! Do you remember where we are? If the princess were to put down all Florac's culpabilities in an album, what a ledger it would be—as big as Dr. Portman's Chrysostom!" But this was parenthetical: and after a smile, and a little respite, the young woman proceeded in her narration of her friend's history.

"'I was willing enough to listen,' Ethel said, 'to grandmamma then: for we are glad of an excuse to do what we like; and I liked admiration, and rank, and great wealth, Laura; and Lord Farintosh offered me these. I liked to surpass my companions, and I saw *them* so eager in pursuing him! You cannot think, Laura, what meannesses women in the world will commit—mothers and daughters too, in the pursuit of a person of his great rank. Those Miss Burrs, you should have seen them at the country houses where we visited together, and how

they followed him; how they would meet him in the parks and shrubberies; how they liked smoking though I knew it made them ill; how they were always finding pretexts for getting near him! Oh, it was odious!

I would not willingly interrupt the narrative, but let the reporter be allowed here to state that at this point of Miss Newcome's story (which my wife gave with a very pretty imitation of the girl's manner), we both burst out laughing so loud that little Madame de Montcontour put her head into the drawing-room and asked what we was a laughing at? We did not tell our hostess that poor Ethel and her grandmother had been accused of doing the very same thing, for which she found fault with the Misses Burr. Miss Newcome thought *herself* quite innocent, or how should she have cried out at the naughty behaviour of other people?

"'Wherever we went, however,' resumed my wife's young penitent, 'it was easy to see, I think I may say so without vanity, who was the object of Lord Farintosh's attention. He followed us everywhere; and we could not go upon any visit in England or Scotland but he was in the same house. Grandmamma's whole heart was bent upon that marriage, and when he proposed for me I do not disown that I was very pleased and vain.

"'It is in these last months that I have heard about him more, and learned to know him better—him and myself too, Laura. Some one—some one you know, and whom I shall always love as a brother—reproached me in former days for a worldliness about which you talk too sometimes. But it is not worldly to give yourself up for your family, is it? One cannot help the rank in which one is born, and surely it is but natural and proper to marry in it. Not that Lord Farintosh thinks me or any one of his rank. (Here Miss Ethel laughed.) He is the Sultan, and we, every unmarried girl in society, is his humblest slave. His Majesty's opinions upon this subject did not suit me, I can assure you: I have no notion of such pride!

"'But I do not disguise from you, dear Laura, that after accepting him, as I came to know him better, and heard him, and heard of him, and talked with him daily, and understood Lord Farintosh's character, I looked forward with more and more doubt to the day when I was to become his wife. I have not learned to respect him in these months that I have known him, and during which there has been mourning in our families. I will not talk to you about him; I have no right, have I?—to hear him speak out his heart, and tell it to any friend. He said he liked me because I did not flatter him. Poor Malcolm! they all do. What was my acceptance of him, Laura, but flattery? Yes, flattery, and servility to rank, and a desire to possess it. Would I have accepted plain Malcolm Roy? I sent away a better than him, Laura.

"'These things have been brooding in my mind for some months past. I must have been but an ill companion for him, and indeed he bore with my waywardness much more kindly than I ever thought

possible; and when four days since we came to this sad house, where he was to have joined us, and I found only dismay and wretchedness, and these poor children deprived of a mother, whom I pity, God help her, for she has been made so miserable—and is now and must be to the end of her days;—as I lay awake, thinking of my own future life, and that I was going to marry, as poor Clara had married, but for an establishment and a position in life; I, my own mistress, and not obedient by nature, or a slave to others as that poor creature was—I thought to myself, why shall I do this? Now Clara has left us, and is, as it were, dead to us who made her so unhappy, let me be the mother to her orphans. I love the little girl, and she has always loved me, and came crying to me that day when we arrived, and put her dear little arms round my neck, and said, *You* won't go away, will you, aunt Ethel? in her sweet voice. And I will stay with her; and will try and learn myself that I may teach her; and learn to be good too—better than I have been. Will praying help me, Laura? I did. I am sure I was right, and that it is my duty to stay here.'"

Laura was greatly moved as she told her friend's confession; and when the next day at church the clergyman read the opening words of the service I thought a peculiar radiance and happiness beamed from her bright face.

Some subsequent occurrences in the history of this branch of the Newcome family I am enabled to report from the testimony of the same informant who has just given us an account of her own feelings and life. Miss Ethel and my wife were now in daily communication, and "mydearesting" each other with that female fervour, which, cold men of the world as we are—not only chary of warm expressions of friendship, but averse to entertaining warm feelings at all—we surely must admire in persons of the inferior sex, whose loves grow up and reach the skies in a night; who kiss, embrace, console, call each other by Christian names, in that sweet, kindly sisterhood of Misfortune and Compassion who are always entering into partnership here in life. I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales; and we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders. I did not see my wife, ministering to the afflicted family at Newcome Park; but I can fancy her there amongst the women and children, her prudent counsel, her thousand gentle offices, her apt pity and cheerfulness, the love and truth glowing in her face, and inspiring her words, movements, demeanour.

Mrs. Pendennis's husband for his part did not attempt to console Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet. I never professed to have a halfpennyworth of pity at that gentleman's command. Florac, who owed Barnes his principality, and his present comforts in life, did make some futile efforts at condolence, but was received by the Baronet with such fierceness, and evident ill-humour, that he did not care to repeat his visits, and allowed him to vent his curses and peevishness

on his own immediate dependents. We used to ask Laura on her return to Rosebury from her charity-visits to Newcome about the poor suffering master of the house. She faltered and stammered in describing him and what she heard of him; she smiled, I grieve to say, for this unfortunate lady cannot help having a sense of humour; and we could not help laughing outright sometimes at the idea of that discomfited wretch, that overbearing creature overborne in his turn—which laughter Mrs. Laura used to chide as very naughty and unfeeling When we went into Newcome the landlord of the King's Arms looked knowing and quizzical: Tom Potts grinned at me and rubbed his hands. "This business serves the paper better than Mr. Warrington's articles," says Mr. Potts. "We have sold no end of Independents; and if you polled the whole borough, I bet that five to one would say Sir Screwcome Screwcome was served right. By the way, what's up about the Marquis of Farintosh, Mr. Pendennis? He arrived at the Arms last night; went over to the Park this morning, and is gone back to town by the afternoon train."

What had happened between the Marquis of Farintosh and Miss Newcome I am enabled to know from the report of Miss Newcome's confidante. On the receipt of that letter of *congé* which has been mentioned in a former chapter, his lordship must have been very much excited, for he left town straightway by that evening's mail, and on the next morning, after a few hours of rest at his inn, was at Newcome Lodge-gate demanding to see the Baronet.

On that morning it chanced that Sir Barnes had left home with Mr. Speers, his legal adviser; and hereupon the Marquis asked to see Miss Newcome; nor could the lodge-keeper venture to exclude so distinguished a person from the park. His lordship drove up to the house, and his name was taken to Miss Ethel. She turned very pale when she heard it; and my wife divined at once who was her visitor. Lady Ann had not left her room as yet. Laura Pendennis remained in command of the little conclave of children, with whom the two ladies were sitting when Lord Farintosh arrived. Little Clara wanted to go with her aunt as she rose to leave the room—the child could scarcely be got to part from her now.

At the end of an hour the carriage was seen driving away, and Ethel returned looking as pale as before, and red about the eyes. Miss Clara's mutton chop for dinner coming in at the same time, the child was not so presently eager for her aunt's company. Aunt Ethel cut up the mutton chop very neatly, and then having seen the child comfortably seated at her meal, went with her friend into a neighbouring apartment (of course, with some pretext of showing Laura a picture, or a piece of china, or a new child's frock, or with some other hypocritical pretence by which the ingenuous female attendants pretended to be utterly blinded), and there, I have no doubt, before beginning her story, dearest Laura embraced dearest Ethel, and *vice versâ*.

"He is gone!" at length gasps dearest Ethel.

"*Pour toujours?* poor young man!" sighs dearest Laura. "Was he very unhappy, Ethel?"

"He was more angry," Ethel answers. "He had a right to be hurt, but not to speak as he did. He lost his temper quite at last, and broke out in the most frantic reproaches. He forgot all respect and even gentlemanlike behaviour. Do you know he used words—words such as Barnes uses sometimes when he is angry! and dared this language to me! I was sorry till then, very sorry, and very much moved; but I know more than ever now, that I was right in refusing Lord Farintosh."

Dearest Laura now pressed for an account of all that had happened, which may be briefly told as follows. Feeling very deeply upon the subject which brought him to Miss Newcome, it was no wonder that Lord Farintosh spoke at first in a way which moved her. He said he thought her letter to his mother was very rightly written under the circumstances, and thanked her for her generosity in offering to release him from his engagement. But the affair—the painful circumstance of Highgate, and that—which had happened in the Newcome family, was no fault of Miss Newcome's, and Lord Farintosh could not think of holding her accountable. His friends had long urged him to marry, and it was by his mother's own wish that the engagement was formed, which he was determined to maintain. In his course through the world (of which he was getting very tired), he had never seen a woman, a lady who was so—you understand, Ethel—whom he admired so much, who was likely to make so good a wife for him as you are. "You allude," he continued, "to differences we have had—and we *have* had them—but many of them, I own, have been from my fault. I have been bred up in a way different to most young men. I cannot help it if I have had temptations to which other men are not exposed; and have been placed by—by Providence—in a high rank of life; I am sure if you share it with me you will adorn it, and be in every way worthy of it, and make me much better than I have been. If you knew what a night of agony I passed after my mother read that letter to me—I know you'd pity me, Ethel,—I know you would. The idea of losing you makes me wild. My mother was dreadfully alarmed when she saw the state I was in; so was the Doctor—I assure you he was. And I had no rest at all, and no peace of mind, until I determined to come down to you; and say that I adored you, and you only; and that I would hold to my engagement in spite of everything—and prove to you that—that no man in the world could love you more sincerely than I do." Here the young gentleman was so overcome that he paused in his speech, and gave way to an emotion, for which, surely no man who has been in the same condition with Lord Farintosh will blame him.

Miss Newcome was also much touched by this exhibition of natural feeling; and, I dare say, it was at this time that her eyes showed

the first symptoms of that malady of which the traces were visible an hour after.

"You are very generous and kind to me, Lord Farintosh," she said. "Your constancy honours me very much, and proves how good and loyal you are; but—but do not think hardly of me for saying that the more I have thought of what has happened here,—of the wretched consequences of interested marriages; the long union growing each day so miserable, that at last it becomes intolerable, and is burst asunder, as in poor Clara's case;—the more I am resolved not to commit that first fatal step of entering into a marriage without—without the degree of affection which people who take that vow ought to feel for one another."

"Affection! Can you doubt it? Gracious heavens, I adore you! Isn't my being here a proof that I do?" cries the young lady's lover.

"But I?" answered the girl. "I have asked my own heart that question before now. I have thought to myself,—if he comes after all,—if his affection for me survives this disgrace of our family, as it has, and every one of us should be thankful to you—ought I not to show at least gratitude for so much kindness and honour, and devote myself to one who makes such sacrifices for me? But, before all things I owe you the truth, Lord Farintosh. I never could make you happy; I know I could not: nor obey you as you are accustomed to be obeyed; nor give you such a devotion as you have a right to expect from your wife. I thought I might once. I can't now! I know that I took you because you were rich, and had a great name; not because you were honest, and attached to me as you show yourself to be. I ask your pardon for the deceit I practised on you.—Look at Clara, poor child, and her misery! My pride, I know, would never have let me fall as far as she has done; but, oh! I am humiliated to think that I could have been made to say I would take the first step in that awful career."

"What career, in God's name?" cries the astonished suitor. "Humiliated, Ethel? Who's going to humiliate you? I suppose there is no woman in England who need be humiliated by becoming my wife. I should like to see the one that I can't pretend to—or to royal blood if I like: it 's not better than mine. Humiliated, indeed! That *is* news. Ha! ha! You don't suppose that your pedigree, which I know all about, and the Newcome family, with your barber-surgeon to Edward the Confessor, are equal to——"

"To yours? No. It is not very long that I have learned to disbelieve in that story altogether. I fancy it was an odd whim of my poor father's, and that our family were quite poor people."

"I knew it," said Lord Farintosh. "Do you suppose there was not plenty of women to tell it me?"

"It was not because we were poor that I am ashamed," Ethel went on. "That cannot be our fault, though some of us seem to think it is, as they hide the truth so. One of my uncles used to tell me

that my grandfather's father was a labourer in Newcome: but I was a child then, and liked to believe the prettiest story best."

"As if it matters!" cries Lord Farintosh.

"As if it matters in your wife? *n'est-ce pas?* I never thought that it would. I should have told you, as it was my duty to tell you all. It was not my ancestors you cared for; and it is you yourself that your wife must swear before heaven to love."

"Of course it's me," answers the young man, not quite understanding the train of ideas in his companion's mind. "And I've given up every thing—everything—and have broken off with my old habits and —and things you know—and intend to lead a regular life—and will never go to Tattersall's again; nor bet a shilling; nor touch another cigar if you like—that is, if you don't like; for I love you so, Ethel—I do, with all my heart I do!"

"You are very generous and kind, Lord Farintosh," Ethel said. "It is myself, not you, I doubt. O! I am humiliated to make such a confession!"

"How humiliated?" Ethel withdrew the hand which the young nobleman endeavoured to seize.

"If," she continued, "if I found it was your birth, and your name, and your wealth that I coveted, and had nearly taken, ought I not to feel humiliated, and ask pardon of you and of God? Oh, what perjuries poor Clara was made to speak,—and see what has befallen her! We stood by and heard her without being shocked. We applauded even. And to what shame and misery we brought her! Why did her parents and mine consign her to such ruin? She might have lived pure and happy but for us. With her example before me—not her flight, poor child—I am not afraid of *that* happening to me—but her long solitude, the misery of her wasted years,—my brother's own wretchedness and faults aggravated a hundredfold by his unhappy union with her—I must pause while it is yet time, and recal a promise which I know I should make you unhappy if I fulfilled. I ask your pardon that I deceived you, Lord Farintosh, and feel ashamed for myself that I could have consented to do so."

"Do you mean," cried the young Marquis, "that after my conduct to you—after my loving you, so that even this—this disgrace in your family don't prevent my going on—after my mother has been down on her knees to me to break off, and I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't—after all White's sneering at me and laughing at me, and all my friends, friends of my family, who would go to—go anywhere for me, advising me, and saying, 'Farintosh, what a fool you are; break off this match,'—and I wouldn't back out, because I loved you so, by Heaven, and because, as a man and a gentleman, when I give my word I keep it—do you mean that *you* throw me over? It's a shame—it's a shame!" And again there were tears of rage and anguish in Farintosh's eyes.

"What I did was a shame, my lord," Ethel said, humbly; "and again I ask your pardon for it. What I do now is only to tell you the

truth, and to grieve with all my soul for the falsehood — yes, the falsehood—which I told you, and which has given your kind heart such cruel pain."

"Yes, it *was* a falsehood!" the poor lad cried out. "You follow a fellow, and you make a fool of him, and you make him frantic in love with you, and then you fling him over! I wonder you can look me in the face after such an infernal treason You've done it to twenty fellows before, I know you have. Everybody said so, and warned me. You draw them on, and get them to be in love, and then you fling them away. Am I to go back to London, and be made the laughing-stock of the whole town—I, who might marry any woman in Europe, and who am at the head of the nobility of England?"

"Upon my word, if you will believe me after deceiving you once," Ethel interposed, still very humbly, "I will never say that it was I who withdrew from you, and that it was not you who refused me. What has happened here fully authorises you. Let the rupture of the engage ment come from you, my lord. Indeed, indeed, I would spare you all the pain I can. I have done you wrong enough already, Lord Farintosh."

And now the Marquis burst forth with tears and imprecations, wild cries of anger, love, and disappointment, so fierce and incoherent that the lady to whom they were addressed did not repeat them to her confidante. Only she generously charged Laura to remember, if ever she heard the matter talked of in the world, that it was Lord Farintosh's family which broke off the marriage; but that his lordship had acted most kindly and generously throughout the whole affair.

He went back to London in such a state of fury, and raved so wildly amongst his friends against the whole Newcome family, that many men knew what the case really was. But all women averred that that intriguing worldly Ethel Newcome, the apt pupil of her wicked old grandmother, had met with a deserved rebuff; that, after doing everything in her power to catch the great *parti*, Lord Farintosh, who had long been tired of her, flung her over, not liking the connexion; and that she was living out of the world now at Newcome, under the pretence of taking care of that unfortunate Lady Clara's children, but really because she was pining away for Lord Farintosh, who, as we all know, married six months afterwards.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH WE WRITE TO THE COLONEL.

EEMING that her brother Barnes had cares enough of his own presently on hand, Ethel did not think fit to confide to him the particulars of her interview with Lord Farintosh; nor even was poor Lady Ann informed that she had lost a noble son-in-law. The news would come to both of them soon enough, Ethel thought; and indeed, before many hours were over, it reached Sir Barnes Newcome in a very abrupt and unpleasant way. He had dismal occasion now to see his lawyers every day; and on the day after Lord Farintosh's abrupt visit and departure, Sir Barnes, going into Newcome upon his own unfortunate affairs, was told by his attorney, Mr. Speers, how the Marquis of Farintosh had slept for a few hours at the King's Arms, and returned to town the same evening by the train. We may add, that his lordship had occupied the very room in which Lord Highgate had previously slept; and Mr. Taplow recommends the bed accordingly, and shows it with pride to this very day.

Much disturbed by this intelligence, Sir Barnes was making his way to his cheerless home in the evening, when near his own gate he overtook another messenger. This was the railway porter, who daily brought telegraphic messages from his uncle and the bank in London. The message of that day was, — "Consols, so-and-so. French Rentes, so much. *Highgate's and Farintosh's accounts withdrawn.*" The wretched keeper of the lodge owned, with trembling, in reply to the curses and queries of his employer, that a gentleman, calling himself the Marquis of Farintosh, had gone up to the house the day before, and come away an hour afterwards,—did not like to speak to Sir Barnes when he came home, Sir Barnes looked so bad like.

Now, of course, there could be no concealment from her brother, and Ethel and Barnes had a conversation, in which the latter expressed himself with that freedom of language which characterised the head of the house of Newcome. Madame de Montcontour's pony-chaise was in waiting at the hall door, when the owner of the house entered it; and my wife was just taking leave of Ethel and her little people when Sir Barnes Newcome entered the lady's sitting-room.

The livid scowl with which Barnes greeted my wife surprised that lady, though it did not induce her to prolong her visit to her friend. As Laura took leave, she heard Sir Barnes screaming to the nurses to "take those little beggars away," and she rightly conjectured that some more unpleasantries had occurred to disturb this luckless gentleman's temper.

On the morrow, dearest Ethel's usual courier, one of the boys from the lodge, trotted over on his donkey to dearest Laura at Rosebury, with one of those missives which were daily passing between the ladies. This letter said:—

"Barnes m'a fait une scène terrible hier. I was obliged to tell him everything about Lord F., and *to use the plainest language*. At first, he forbade you the house. He thinks that you have been the cause of F.'s dismissal, and charged me, *most unjustly*, with a desire to bring back poor C. N. I replied *as became me*, and told him fairly I would leave the house if *odious insulting charges* were made against me, if my friends were not received. He stormed, he cried, he employed *his usual language*,—he was in a dreadful state. He relented and asked pardon. He goes to town to-night by the mail-train. *Of course* you come as usual, dear, dear Laura. I am miserable without you; and you know I cannot leave poor mamma. Clarykin sends a *thousand kisses* to little Arty; and I am *his mother's* always affectionate,—E. N.

"Will the gentlemen like to shoot our pheasants? Please ask the Prince to let Warren know when. I sent a brace to poor dear old Mrs. Mason, and had such a nice letter from her!"

"And who is poor dear Mrs. Mason?" asks Mr. Pendennis, as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Newcomes.

And Laura told me—perhaps I had heard before, and forgotten—that Mrs. Mason was an old nurse and pensioner of the Colonel's, and how he had been to see her for the sake of old times; and how she was a great favourite with Ethel; and Laura kissed her little son, and was exceedingly bright, cheerful, and hilarious that evening, in spite of the affliction under which her dear friends at Newcome were labouring.

People in country houses should be exceedingly careful about their blotting-paper. They should bring their own portfolios with them. If any kind readers will bear this simple little hint in mind, how much mischief may they save themselves,—nay, enjoy possibly, by looking at the pages of the next portfolio in the next friend's bed-room in which they sleep. From such a book I once cut out, in Charles Slyboots' well-

known and perfectly clear handwriting, the words "Miss Emily Hartington, James Street, Buckingham Gate, London," and produced as legibly on the blotting-paper as on the envelope which the postman delivered. After showing the paper round to the company, I enclosed it in a note and sent it to Mr. Slyboots, who married Miss Hartington three months afterwards. In such a book at the club I read, as plainly as you may read this page, a holograph page of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, which informed the whole club of a painful and private circumstance, and said, "My dear Green,—I am truly sorry that I shall not be able to take up the bill for eight hundred and fifty-six pounds, which becomes due next Tu . . . .;" and upon such a book, going to write a note in Madame de Montcontour's drawing-room at Rosebury, what should I find but proofs that my own wife was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with a gentleman residing abroad!

"Colonel Newcome, C. B., Montagne de la Cour, Brussels," I read, in this young woman's handwriting; and asked, turning round upon Laura, who entered the room just as I discovered her guilt: "What *have* you been writing to Colonel Newcome about, Miss?"

"I wanted him to get me some lace," she said.

"To lace some nightcaps for me, didn't you, my dear? He is such a fine judge of lace! If I had known you had been writing, I would have asked you to send him a message. I want something from Brussels. Is the letter—ahem—gone?" (In this artful way, you see, I just hinted that I should like to *see* the letter.)

"The letter is—ahem—gone," says Laura. "What do you want from Brussels, Pen?"

"I want some Brussels sprouts, my love—they are so fine in their native country."

"Shall I write to him to send the letter back?" palpitates poor little Laura; for she thought her husband was offended, by using the ironic method.

"No, you dear little woman! You need not send for the letter back: and you need not tell me what was in it: and I will bet you a hundred yards of lace to a cotton nightcap—and you know whether *I*, Madam, am a man *à bonnet-de-coton*—I will bet you that I know what you have been writing about, under pretence of a message about lace, to our Colonel."

"He promised to send it me. He really did. Lady Rockminster gave me twenty pounds—" gasps Laura.

"Under pretence of lace, you have been sending over a love-message. You want to see whether Clive is still of his old mind. You think the coast is now clear, and that dearest Ethel may like him. You think Mrs. Mason is growing very old and infirm, and the sight of her dear boy would——"

"Pen! Pen! *did you open my letter?*" cries Laura; and a laugh which could afford to be good-humoured (followed by yet another expression of the lips) ended this colloquy. No; Mr. Pendennis did

not see the letter—but he knew the writer;—flattered himself that he knew women in general.

"Where did you get your experience of them, sir?" asks Mrs. Laura. Question answered in the same manner as the previous demand.

"Well, my dear; and why should not the poor boy be made happy?" Laura continues, standing very close up to her husband. "It is evident to me that Ethel is fond of him. I would rather see her married to a good young man whom she loves, than the mistress of a thousand palaces and coronets. Suppose—suppose you had married Miss Amory, sir, what a wretched worldly creature you would have been by this time; whereas now——"

"Now that I am the humble slave of a good woman there is some chance for me," cries this model of husbands. "And all good women are match-makers, as we know very well; and you have had this match in your heart ever since you saw the two young people together. Now, Madam, since I did not see your letter to the Colonel—though I have guessed part of it—tell me, what have you said in it? Have you by any chance told the Colonel that the Farintosh alliance was broken off?"

Laura owned that she had hinted as much.

"You have not ventured to say that Ethel is well inclined to Clive?"

"O no—O *dear* no!" But after much cross-examining and a little blushing on Laura's part, she is brought to confess that she has asked the Colonel whether he will not come and see Mrs. Mason, who is pining to see him, and is growing very old. And I find out that she has been to see this Mrs. Mason; that she and Miss Newcome visited the old lady the day before yesterday; and Laura thought from the manner in which Ethel looked at Clive's picture, hanging up in the parlour of his father's old friend, that she really *was* very much, &c., &c. So, the letter being gone, Mrs. Pendennis is most eager about the answer to it, and day after day examines the bag, and is provoked that it brings no letter bearing the Brussels post-mark.

Madame de Montcontour seems perfectly well to know what Mrs. Laura has been doing and is hoping. "What, no letters again to-day? Ain't it provoking?" she cries. She is in the conspiracy, too; and presently Florac is one of the initiated. "These women wish to *bâcler* a marriage between the belle Miss and le petit Claive," Florac announces to me. He pays the highest compliments to Miss Newcome's person, as he speaks regarding the marriage. "I continue to adore your Anglaises," he is pleased to say. "What of freshness, what of beauty, what roses! And then they are so adorably good. Go, Pendennis, thou art a happy *coquin!*" Mr. Pendennis does not say No. He has won the twenty thousand pound prize; and we know there are worse than blanks in that lottery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE ARE INTRODUCED TO A NEW NEWCOME.

O answer came to Mrs. Pendennis's letter to Colonel Newcome at Brussels, for the Colonel was absent from that city, and at the time when Laura wrote was actually in London, whither affairs of his own had called him. A note from George Warrington acquainted me with this circumstance; he mentioned that he and the Colonel had dined together at Bays's on the day previous, and that the Colonel seemed to be in the highest spirits. High spirits about what? This news put Laura in a sad perplexity. Should she write and tell him to get his letters from Brussels? She would in five minutes have found some other pretext for writing to Colonel Newcome, had not her husband sternly cautioned the young woman to leave the matter alone.

The more readily perhaps because he had quarrelled with his nephew Sir Barnes, Thomas Newcome went to visit his brother Hobson and his sister-in-law; bent on showing that there was no division between him and this branch of his family. And you may suppose that the admirable woman just named had a fine occasion for her virtuous conversational powers in discoursing upon the painful event which had just happened to Sir Barnes. When we fall, how our friends cry out for us! Mrs. Hobson's homilies must have been awful. How that outraged virtue must have groaned and lamented, gathered its children about its knees, wept over them and washed them; gone into sackcloth and ashes and tied up the knocker; confabulated with its spiritual adviser; uttered commonplaces to its husband; and bored the whole house! The punishment of worldliness and vanity, the evil of marrying out of one's station, how these points must have been explained and enlarged on! Surely the "Peerage" was taken off the drawing-room table and removed to papa's study, where it could not open, as it used naturally once, to Highgate, Baron, or Farintosh, Marquis of, being shut behind

wires and closely jammed in on an upper shelf between Blackstone's Commentaries and the Farmer's Magazine! The breaking of the engagement with the Marquis of Farintosh was known in Bryanstone Square; and you may be sure interpreted by Mrs. Hobson in the light the most disadvantageous to Ethel Newcome. A young nobleman—with grief and pain Ethel's aunt must own the fact—a young man of notoriously dissipated habits but of great wealth and rank, had been pursued by the unhappy Lady Kew—Mrs. Hobson would *not* say by her *niece*, that were *too* dreadful—had been pursued, and followed, and hunted down in the most notorious manner, and finally made to propose! Let Ethel's *conduct* and *punishment* be a warning to my dearest girls, and let them bless *Heaven* they have parents who are not worldly! After all the trouble and pains, Mrs. Hobson did not say *disgrace*, the Marquis takes *the very first pretext* to break off the match, and leaves the unfortunate girl for ever!

And now we have to tell of the hardest blow which fell upon poor Ethel, and this was that her good uncle Thomas Newcome believed the charges against her. He was willing enough to listen now to anything which was said against that branch of the family. With such a traitor, double-dealer, dastard as Barnes at its head, what could the rest of the race be? When the Colonel offered to endow Ethel and Clive with every shilling he had in the world, had not Barnes, the arch-traitor, temporised and told him falsehoods, and hesitated about throwing him off until the Marquis had declared himself? Yes. The girl he and poor Clive loved so was ruined by her artful relatives, was unworthy of his affection and his boy's, was to be banished, like her worthless brother, out of his regard for ever. And the man she had chosen in preference to his Clive!—a roué, a libertine, whose extravagances and dissipations were the talk of every club, who had no wit, nor talents, not even constancy (for had he not taken the first opportunity to throw her off?) to recommend him—only a great title and a fortune wherewith to bribe her! For shame, for shame! Her engagement to this man was a blot upon her—the rupture only a just punishment and humiliation. Poor unhappy girl! let her take care of her wretched brother's abandoned children, give up the world, and amend her life.

This was the sentence Thomas Newcome delivered: a righteous and tender-hearted man, as we know, but judging in this case wrongly, and bearing much too hardly, as we who know her better must think, upon one who had her faults certainly, but whose errors were not all of her own making. Who set her on the path she walked in? It was her parents' hands which led her, and her parents' voices which commanded her to accept the temptation set before her. What did she know of the character of the man selected to be her husband? Those who should have known better brought him to her, and vouched for him. Noble, unhappy young creature! are you the first of your sisterhood who has been bidden to traffic your beauty, to crush and slay your honest natural affections, to sell your truth and your life for rank and title?

But the Judge who sees not the outward acts merely, but their causes, and views not the wrong alone, but the temptations, struggles, ignorance of erring creatures, we know has a different code to ours—to ours, who fall upon the fallen, who fawn upon the prosperous so, who administer our praises and punishments so prematurely, who now strike so hard, and, anon, spare so shamelessly.

Our stay with our hospitable friends at Rosebury was perforce coming to a close, for indeed weeks after weeks had passed since we had been under their pleasant roof; and in spite of dearest Ethel's remonstrances it was clear that dearest Laura must take her farewell. In these last days, besides the visits which daily took place between one and other, the young messenger was put in ceaseless requisition, and his donkey must have been worn off his little legs with trotting to and fro between the two houses. Laura was quite anxious and hurt at not hearing from the Colonel: it was a shame that he did not have over his letters from Belgium and answer that one which she had honoured him by writing. By some information, received who knows how? our host was aware of the intrigue which Mrs. Pendennis was carrying on; and his little wife almost as much interested in it as my own. She whispered to me in her kind way that she would give a guinea, that she would, to see a certain couple made happy together; that they were born for one auother, that they were; she was for having me go off to fetch Clive: but who was I to act as Hymen's messenger; or to interpose in such delicate family affairs?

All this while Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., remained absent in London, attending to his banking duties there, and pursuing the dismal enquiries which ended, in the ensuing Michaelmas term, in the famous suit of Newcomè *v.* Lord Highgate. Ethel, pursuing the plan which she had laid down for herself from the first, took entire charge of his children and house: Lady Ann returned to her own family: never indeed having been of much use in her son's dismal household. My wife talked to me of course about her pursuits and amusements at Newcome, in the ancestral-hall which we have mentioned. The children played and ate their dinner (mine often partook of his infantine mutton, in company with little Clara and the poor young heir of Newcome) in the room which had been called my Lady's own, and in which her husband had locked her, forgetting that the conservatories were open, through which the hapless woman had fled. Next to this was the baronial library, a side of which was fitted with the gloomy books from Clapham, which old Mrs. Newcome had amassed; rows of tracts, and missionary magazines, and dingy quarto volumes of worldly travel and history which that lady had admitted into her collection.

Almost on the last day of our stay at Rosebury, the two young ladies bethought them of paying a visit to the neighbouring town of Newcome, to that old Mrs. Mason who has been mentioned in a foregoing page in some yet earlier chapter of our history. She was very old now, very

faithful to the recollections of her own early time, and oblivious of yesterday. Thanks to Colonel Newcome's bounty, she had lived in comfort for many a long year past; and he was as much her boy now as in those early days of which we have given but an outline. There were Clive's pictures of himself and his father over her little mantelpiece, near which she sat in comfort and warmth by the winter-fire which his bounty supplied.

Mrs. Mason remembered Miss Newcome, prompted thereto by the hints of her little maid, who was much younger, and had a more faithful memory than her mistress. Why, Sarah Mason would have forgotten the pheasants whose very tails decorated the chimney-glass, had not Keziah, the maid, reminded her that the young lady was the donor. Then she recollected her benefactor, and asked after her father, the Baronet; and wondered, for her part, why *her* boy, the Colonel, was not made baronet, and why his brother had the property? Her father was a very good man; though Mrs. Mason had heard he was not much liked in those parts. "Dead and gone, was he, poor man?" (This came in reply to a hint from Keziah, the attendant, bawled in the old lady's ears, who was very deaf). "Well, well, we must all go; and if we were all good, like the Colonel, what was the use of staying? I hope his wife will be good. I am sure such a good man deserves one," added Mrs. Mason.

The ladies thought the old woman doting, led thereto by the remark of Keziah, the maid, that Mrs. Mason have a lost her memory. And she asked who the other bonny lady was, and Ethel told her that Mrs. Pendennis was a friend of the Colonel's and Clive's.

"Oh, Clive's friend! Well, she was a pretty lady, and he was a dear pretty boy. He drew those pictures; and he took off me in my cap, with my old cat and all—my poor old cat that's buried this ever so long ago."

"She has had a letter from the Colonel, Miss," cries out Keziah. "Haven't you had a letter from the Colonel, mum? It came only yesterday." And Keziah takes out the letter and shows it to the ladies. They read as follows:—

London, Feb. 12, 184—.

"My dear old Mason,—I have just heard from a friend of mine who has been staying in your neighbourhood, that you are well and happy, and that you have been making inquiries after *your young scapegrace*, Tom Newcome, who is well and happy too, and who proposes to be *happier still* before any very long time is over.

"The letter which was written to me about you was sent to me *in Belgium*, at Brussels, where I have been living—a town near the place where the famous *Battle of Waterloo* was fought; and as I had run away from Waterloo it *followed me to England.*

"I cannot come to Newcome just now to shake my dear old friend and nurse *by the hand.* I have business in London; and there are

those of my name *living in Newcome* who would not be very happy to see me and mine.

"But I promise you a visit before very long, and Clive will come with me; and when we come I shall introduce a new friend to you, a very pretty little *daughter-in-law*, whom you must promise to love very much. She is a *Scotch lassie*, niece of my oldest friend, James Binnie, Esquire, of the Bengal Civil Service, who will give her a *pretty bit of siller*, and her present name is Miss Rosa Mackenzie.

"We shall send you a *wedding cake* soon, and a new gown for Keziah (to whom remember me), and when I am gone, my grandchildren after me will hear what a dear friend you were to your affectionate

"THOMAS NEWCOME."

Keziah must have thought that there was something between Clive and my wife, for when Laura had read the letter she laid it down on the table, and sitting down by it, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears.

Ethel looked steadily at the two pictures of Clive and his father. Then she put her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Come, my dear," she said, "it is growing late, and I must go back to my children." And she saluted Mrs. Mason and her maid in a very stately manner, and left them, leading my wife away, who was still exceedingly overcome.

We could not stay long at Rosebury after that. When Madame de Montcontour heard the news, the good lady cried too. Mrs. Pendennis's emotion was renewed as we passed the gates of Newcome Park on our way to the railroad.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

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